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ive Prophets of To-day

BY

EDWARD E. HALE,

WILLIAM H. LYON,

CHARLES G. AMES.

***** 1892 *****





FIVE PROPHETS OF TO-DAY.

CURTIS, WHITTIER, AND LONGFELLOW.

EDWARD E. HALE.

RENAN AND TENNYSON.

WILLIAM H. LYON.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

CHARLES G. AMES.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 9, 1892.

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CURTIS, WHITTIER, AND LONGFELLOW.

"The Lord hath made all things; and to the godly hath he given wisdom.

"Let us now praise famous men — men renowned for their power, giving counsel by their understanding, leaders of the people by their counsels, wise and eloquent in their instructions: such as found out musical tunes, and recited verses in writing. All these were honored in their generations, and were the glory of their times. There be of them, that have left a name behind them, that their praises might be reported. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will shew forth their praise."

Ecclesiasticus xliii., xliv.

If a minister leaves the large family, which he calls his parish, for two or three months, it is always with a certain anxiety as to what may come in so many homes while he is away.

Absent from America nine weeks this summer, I had the great pleasure, when I returned, to find that among the thousand persons most closely connected with us, there had been no stroke of death while I was gone.

But, as always appears, death, which is most uncertain in any one day or any given week, is the most certain of all contingencies in a longer period. And now, in the six weeks since I returned, I have been called three times to look my last on the still faces of members of this church. So many times have I asked the good God to teach us the lessons of life in the light of bereavement, as we met together here on Sunday. I shall try to take fit occasion to say, in the right place, something of what the three lives have been which have closed for earth.

In the same short period three other lives have closed, of persons not immediately connected with this congregation, but in very close communion with the Unitarian church of America. It is worth more than passing remark, that this Unitarian church of America, not very large in numbers, has been honored by the sympathy and help of three men so widely known and so highly prized through this whole nation. As it happens, I was honored, in a somewhat intimate way, with the friendship, and I believe I may say the confidence, of all three. From the grave of one of them — Samuel Longfellow — I have just returned. And I break what would have been my

choice of subjects here as the year begins, to say something of the gifts which have been rendered to America by George William Curtis, John Greenleaf Whittier, and Samuel Longfellow, whose lives, closely united in general purpose and in personal sympathy, have closed for earth so nearly at the same time.

I have known Mr. Curtis somewhat intimately for more than forty years. I saw him last, and heard one of his matchless speeches, at Saratoga last September, when he presided at the annual conference of the Unitarian church of America. The president, chosen at the previous meeting of that conference, was Judge Miller, I think the senior member, as he was certainly the leading member, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Judge Miller had died in the interval of two sessions, and Mr. Curtis, as the first vice-president, took his place, and he was chosen his successor. Our conference is again left without a president, by his death.

His presence on that occasion, the intelligent and thorough sympathy he always showed in our united work, were wholly in accord with the every-day habit of his life. For year after year — at his home on Staten Island — he regularly

conducted the public services of the Unitarian church. I think he did not often write sermons, and I am not sure that he often delivered his own sermons. But from his unrivalled knowledge of the literature of the world, he had brought the best he could find in that line to read for the congregation which assembled to meet him. He conducted all the service with seriousness and dignity which made it most attractive. And as the congregation grew larger and larger, with such ministrations of one of its laymen, it always proved, not unnaturally, that they preferred such service to any which could be rendered them by any professional minister.

Here is one of the finest visible or concrete illustrations we have of the original Puritan-congre gational or Quaker theory of men's union in the worship or service of God. It is a service in which one worshipper has the same right and privilege as another. "Ye are all kings and all priests." This is no bit of poetry, but the square, practical fact. It is, by the way, the special truth of church administration which seemed to Winthrop and his companions so important that they left England, which would not give it, and came to New England, that they might give it form and estab-

lishment here. And here, in the first church of Boston, when the silver-tongued John Cotton had said what he had to say, Winthrop would stand up, or Atherton, or Henry Vane, and say what he had to say, were it for the mere purpose of testifying that the Holy Spirit spoke by one worshipper as certainly as by another.

In the case of Mr. Curtis, this is only an incident, and in comparison not a very important incident, of the moral service which, from boyhood to the time of his death, he was rendering to the community. And this, as we cannot say often enough, without taking public office, without going into what we call administration. I suppose that in General Grant's time he was often, perhaps always, confidentially consulted on important points by leading members of General Grant's cabinet. But he was never in Congress or in the cabinet. He sat with a pen in his hand, and he spoke by that pen to millions who never heard his voice or obeyed his matchless command in oratory. I heard, myself, his great speech at Delmonico's before the Pilgrim Associa-I believe — and I have elsewhere tion in 1880. tried to show how—that that one speech saved this country from civil war, in the settlement of the Tilden-Hayes question. Of this matchless power

what is to be remembered now, is, that he could not have swayed those men so had he been in the administration. He could not speak as he did—an impartial Minos, looking fairly upon both sides—had he technically belonged to one side. And again, it is to be observed that the moral weight of the man, his absolute purity, his clear, sheer indifference to self,—purity and indifference known to all men,—raised him to that place in men's esteem. Here was a man to whom it was wise to listen. Here was a man who said what he thought. Here was a man, then, who led and did not follow other men.

Of Mr. Whittier's place in literature I should not think of speaking here. The hold which he has upon the American people is very interesting,—on the whole, it is very satisfactory,—as an index of what the American people are and what they admire. But of his position as a great religious teacher I ought to speak here, and am glad to speak. It is not a little thing that a man has, really unconsciously, written hymns which will be sung for a hundred years in that part of the Church of Christ which sings English songs. I say "unconsciously" has written hymns, for Whittier was, to the end of his days, one of the Society of

Friends, who sing no hymns in their public service; and I am not sure that he wrote any of his lyrics with the direct intention of their being used as He wrote them because he could not help hymns. writing them. They express the nearness of God to man and of man to God, as he felt it his life through. Because he was a poet he had to express that, and he expressed it so well that other people took it up and used it. I think I am speaking in the presence of a person to whom he brought the exquisite hymn, "The ocean looketh up to heaven," immediately after it was written. They were all in camp on the seashore; and where you or I would say quietly, "How wonderful!" or "How beautiful!" he writes a hymn expressing for centuries that sense of glad reverence which is the ocean's first and last lesson to us all. As I believe I said here the other day, the Hymn to Christianity which we sing so often is an Ode to Democracy which he wrote upon an election-day. This is a very different matter from Doddridge's quiet writing of a hymn in his study as the end of his sermon. I do not mean to underrate such cloister work. But, without underrating that, it is clear enough that, when a man who is in the harness, who is in the fight, if you please, is face to face with other men who think differently or who do differently,—when that man expresses himself in poetry, you have a poem which lives. It is as the old prophecies, because they were written in just such a fashion, have proved themselves immortal, and are read in all languages, from every Bible.

Now what I am to say here, and what ought to be said in every Unitarian pulpit, and ought to be understood through the Unitarian churches of this land, is that the whole religious movement of this leader of our time is alive with the life of our faith, of our theology, of our religion. The Unitarian church is the Church of the Holy Spirit: the Quaker church is the Church of the Holy Spirit. The two are one. We have no reason for existing, - our church has no reason to exist as an organization, - unless we mean to proclaim, "Here is God, God is now," unless we stand for the gospel of the living God to-day. And that is the gospel which George Fox went forth to preach to the founders of the Society of Friends. That is the gospel which he was imprisoned and persecuted for preaching. That is the gospel which the people called Friends brought to America. their gospel now, and it is our gospel now. it is because Whittier sang the songs of that gospel that he is welcomed by the people of this land as the best-known religious poet. For this religion, which we call the liberal religion, is the religion of the American people. It is, for instance, the religion of universal suffrage, the religion of universal education, and the religion in which every man is a king and a priest consecrated and ordained by the living God.

I am speaking in the presence of many ladies who will remember a happy class which we had in the vestry of the old church, when we were all vounger than we are to-day. It was a class of young people, who, besides other matters which they read and of which they wrote together, regularly considered the feasts and fasts and other ceremonial days of the Congregational church, to which we have the honor to be born. It was not their business to consider the martyrdom of Charles the First, nor the saint's day of St. Botolph; but it was their business to know what were the religious associations of Forefathers' Day, of Fast Day and Thanksgiving, of the Day of Independence, of Christmas and Easter, of the discovery of America, and the other great occasions of the Christian year which connect themselves with the annual ritual of a religion of freedom. I used to

bid the young ladies of that class bring me a poem, or poems, which should bear upon subjects so large as these in the history of a religious state or of a democratic church. It was then that I first really knew how wide was the range of Whittier's thought and action and song. I have the very curious poetical calendar which those ladies made for the Christian year, and it would be worth editing to-day, as an illustration of his mastery, shall I say, of the gamut of our religious life, so extraordinary was the aptness of the word—likely, indeed, to be an eternal word—which he has spoken on one and another of the most important of our struggles, our defeats, and our victories.

It is easy to pass from such memories to memories which to me involve even closer personal associations. I was honored by Whittier's kind friendship from the year when I was twenty-four years old till he died. Mr. Samuel Longfellow, who died on Monday last, was my daily companion and friend from the time when I was thirteen, for many of the earlier years of life. And when, in after years, we were personally parted more, the old tie was never sundered, and with half the world between us, we loved each

other as we always shall. Here is another poet who has furnished to us hymns which will be sung in the English-speaking church when he and every man of our time is really forgotten; because the hymns speak for all time, in language which cannot be forgotten after it has once become familiar. Resisting the temptation to discuss Mr. Samuel Longfellow's writing from the intellectual or from any critical side, I will say that the simplicity and reality of his walk with God appears in these hymns in that natural light, with that singlehearted and simple expression, which of themselves compel sympathy. They lift the hymn wholly above the range of criticism or of any low intellectual analysis. Mr. Longfellow wrote a hymn for my ordination, and I think I should be safe in saying that from that time it was sung at the ordination of every Unitarian minister for forty years - is sung to-day on such occasions, excepting when it gives place to another later hymn of his, written for a similar occasion. He was a man of delicate physical health, so delicate that you wondered that he attempted any professional calling which requires a man to call upon himself regularly for his work, and gives him no opportunity for lying back for refreshment. All the

same, in three different ministerial charges, one at Fall River, one at Brooklyn, one at Germantown, Pennsylvania, he illustrated, for the men of my calling, the best way of working under very difficult contingencies. It is no business of to-day or of this hour to say what those contingencies were, or how he met them. It is enough to say that, with the absolute courage of a gay young soldier leading an attack, with absolute unselfishness, which a man hardly understands unless he has seen it in such a life, and with this absolute faith in the presence of God of which I spoke, he worked the miracles of parish life. He brought together the factory workman and the elegant recluse scholar in one and the same determination that God's kingdom should come. It is only a week since I heard the phrase of a self-centred man of affairs, used to his own way and deserving to have it, who said:

"Mr. Longfellow could say anything in that pulpit which he chose. We might not agree with a syllable that he said, we might wish that he was saying something else; but we never thought of anything which you can call antagonism to him, and never thought of limiting in any way his right to say it again and again, as often as he chose."

For me, I have never seen so remarkable an illustration of what Dr. Putnam used to call "the wrath of the lamb,"—the strength of a person whose personal life was so tender and modest and gentle that you were half afraid to trust him out of doors, showing itself, when there was any need, in vigor amounting to audacity, and in moral control of every one to whom he had to speak.

He was of a sensitive and analytical nature, which made him detest, as much as St. Peter ever did, anything that was common and unclean. But he, too, had seen the vision, and he knew very well that what God had cleansed he was not to call common. There is not a dainty critic of them all who could go beyond him in pointing out inelegancies. And yet, if you saw him with a dirty gutter-boy of the Cambridge streets, whom he had drawn into the boys' club of an evening, you would see that his was that greatest privilege, the intuitive sympathy and love of untutored children.

Now, here are three Americans — I have a right to say three American leaders — to whose work America looks back with gratitude at the same time, because their death-days came so near each other. They have served America in different ways. But, at bottom, we see that their

religious thought, motive, and feeling are absolutely the same. Nay, more than this, it is twined in with the same intellectual convictions, with the same theology. They are three men, absolutely in accord in the moral, spiritual, eternal basis of life. They are three men so absolutely in accord, that, if by good fortune they were thrown together for an evening, in travel, say, or at some great festival, each of them would think that that reunion or communion was one of the happiest events of his life. And this common basis of life, exactly the same for each and all of them, is what we call "liberal religion." Each of them is a definite acknowledged prophet of the Religion of the Holy Spirit.

I have said, I have no right to let such a bit of the history of our time pass without note here. Nobody cares for controversy in the pulpit, least of all for that arrogance which says "My church is better than your church." But, all the same, the truth must be proclaimed, that the religious life which fits an American leader to lead America rests wholly on the simple foundation laid down by Jesus Christ, and rests on nothing else. It is simply the exhibition in life of the two commandments: love God, and love man. And the

church or organization, which has least of curtain, or smoke, or ritual, veiling that central statement, is the church or organization most fit for a leader of America. This truth is so important that no modesty should hinder its proclamation. It ought to be made in every church in America, when America knows that such men have died.

These three friends of ours had a fourth friend who, as a poet, was greater, I suppose, than either of them: James Russell Lowell. He died a year before Mr. Curtis, with whom he was very closely tied. I am not going to speak of his literary fame or the genius which deserved it. But in the special connection in which I speak, I ought to say, that Lowell also is to be remembered as a great religious poet. It is the poems which express for men man's intimacy with God - by which he will be remembered. Once more, it is wrong that a Christian should not see that each of these poems rests on the broadest and least ecclesiastical positions of liberal or Unitarian religion. And it would be wrong if a Christian did not see that the statements of liberal Christianity were those of Henry Longfellow and of Bryant who died a few years before Lowell; by which I do not mean simply that all these great poets avoided the tech-

nical expressions of the creeds in their writings. It would be unreasonable to ask any poet to put into verse the thirty-nine articles or the Athanasian creed - even if he believed them. But I mean that none of these men did believe such statements; they were all members of Unitarian churches, assisted in Unitarian missions, broke bread at a Unitarian communion table, and wrote Unitarian hymns. I do not choose to have the death of three such leaders pass by without saying that when controversialists of to-day choose to understate the lead and power of the simplest, unecclesiastical Christian gospel, they are bound, before the American people, to say and to show how it is that the two Longfellows, Bryant, Lowell, and Curtis, belonged in form to the Unitarian church, - and that Whittier, so close in touch with the American people, was the poet of the liberal side of the Society of Friends, whose faith and inspiration are identical with that of the Unitarian church of America.

At this moment we cannot think of the poets whom I have named, without remembering Tennyson, whose death recalls so many of the best moments of fifty years and more. Of Tennyson's exquisite life, so happy, such a benediction to his time, the eternal lesson is the most profound lesson of religion. Here again, it is not doctrinal theology, it is no form of outside organization, which cares to repeat the story. Here is the universal, pervasive, omnipotent song of pure and undefiled religion. How exquisite his art was, even the earliest poems showed. But the song he sung for eternity, and the word he spoke to all sorts and conditions of men, were not sung or spoken till he had gone through the fire. Then he sang to us as prophets sing. He had seen the vision, and he told us what he saw. From beginning to the end, vision and prophecy are the song, or the clarion cry of faith, and hope, and love. There is not one word on a lower key. He is simply the poet of true and undefiled religion.

Such lives all teach the eternal lesson. Of the seven I have named all are loved and honored. And not one of the seven is loved or honored because he was learned or skilful. Not one because he fitted word well with word, or rhyme with rhyme; nay, not one because he used well the analogies between visible nature and the secrets of human life, which make up poetry. We love them and honor them because they

love, and hope, and believe. They use their knack of language, their learning and their elegance of song, for the wider empire of hope, and love, and faith. They deal with the three eternities and so win their own immortality.

And you and I?

We cannot sing the songs of a nation. Nor can we save it by our oratory. But we can love man. We also love God. We also are immortal. you and me, as for any Curtis or any Tennyson, there is open a life with God for those around us, in the open majesty of heaven. For that, you and I consecrate life again to-day. For God's companionship in that life we ask him to-day. And it is nothing for us, as for those same heroes of Christendom it is nothing, whether men remember us or no. It is everything that we also walk with God this day, as we go to our other homes; that we also serve men to-morrow, though it be in the humblest services of common life: and that in the dust and smoke of the streets. we know that nothing is common, if we live as these men lived in a Present Heaven.

RENAN AND TENNYSON.

"Where there is no vision, the people perish."- Prov. xxix. 18.

JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN and Alfred Tennyson are more to us than individuals, more even than men of letters. They represent two types of mind which are always in the world, are both needed, yet perform very different services for mankind.

Renan represents the keen, analytical search for "facts." Tennyson stands for that idealizing faculty which sees a deeper meaning in facts than appears on the surface; that looks through both nature and history, both matter and mind, to the Eternal Spirit that animates them, and to the immortal principles which are manifested in them.

The two writers were very different men. Renan was a Frenchman; Tennyson was an Englishman. The antagonism between the two races is as great as it is old, and should make the Anglo-Saxon cautious in his judgment of the Latin. The Eng-

lish is the nation of conscience, of duty, of selfrestraint; the French is the nation of nature, of beauty, of self-obedience. The latter takes human nature as it is; the former tries to develop, if not to remodel it. The Englishman is shocked at what he considers the light and easy immorality of the Frenchman. The Frenchman claims that nature has her rights, and retorts that the Englishman takes them without acknowledging them, and so adds to his self-indulgence the greater sin of hypocrisy. Renan was himself a man of strictest life, but he confesses that it was largely a matter of policy, in order that men should not say that priests left their calling only because they found it too severe, adding that it brought him no credit, and that he "noted that nature does not in the least encourage man to be chaste." In several of his writings; most abominably in his "Life of Jesus," there are passages from which the Anglo-Saxon mind instinctively revolts. Renan was a man of sturdy intellectual honesty, and suffered cheerfully the penalties which this brought upon him. But in morals he was often a smiling cynic, and certainly was lacking in that respect for the gentler half of mankind which has always marked the Anglo-Saxon.

Tennyson had as keen a love for the beautiful as Renan. His poetry is as lovely in its power as in its substance. It is like music—tender. passionate, solemn, stately, but always beautiful. Yet it is tinged throughout with the pearly hue of purity. It is not only clean and sweet in a negative sense, but it is a positive power towards that higher health of the soul which casts off impurity as returning strength casts off the scales of scarlet fever. I would give the young man or woman Tennyson's "Princess" or "The Idyls of the King," as I would burn pastils to nullify the odors of the sick-room. It is not the purity of timidity or weakness, but the purity of health and strength, the result of open air, and country life, and athletic sports.

There was a difference in parentage and in the circumstances of their birth, which also had influence upon their minds. Renan was the son of a sailor, — poor and hard-working. Tennyson was born in one of those beautiful English rectories, which excite the envy and the longing of the American parson in his travels. So the poet had a fine strain in his ancestry which the priest had not. Dr. Holmes says that the scholar is, in a majority of cases, the son of a scholar. If by a

scholar is meant not merely a man of prodigious learning, but one who has power to see the finer and deeper relations between the facts which he knows, this is largely true. Men who come up from the people are more powerful and more original in action; but delicacy of thought, spirituality of feeling, and sweetness of temper are generally bred in the bone. One cannot look at the portraits of the two men without seeing how blood will tell. Had Renan, with his keen mind and his powerful memory, been brought up in that lovely English home, he might have been perhaps less radical in his treatment of the old faiths; but what he said would have won its way more gently and more surely to the heart of his generation, and given a less rude shock to the finer feelings of his time.

There was a difference, too, in the tenor of their lives, and here we pass over to admiration of Renan. His was a life of sacrifice to principle. Tennyson was no doubt equal to such sacrifice, but it was never demanded of him. Though his first poems failed to attract public notice, and it was several years before he rose to fame, yet the interval was a happy one and spent in the midst of congenial friends. He was poet laureate when

he had barely passed forty. His life, though industrious, has been peaceful and quiet, spent in the Isle of Wight or at his other beautiful home in Surrey, rewarded with honors from both the great universities, by a peerage from his sovereign, and by the favor of all men. When death came it was painless, and the poet fell asleep with his finger between the pages of his beloved "Cymbeline."

Renan's life, on the contrary, was a life of conflict, at least in its middle years, of opposition from high places, and of unpopularity and even hatred from most of the Christian world to the end. A Roman Catholic by birth, and by the most intense belief when he came to years of belief, he determined very early to enter the priesthood. He went up from school to school until he entered the great theological seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. Here he showed such marked ability from the first that the professors looked forward to having him some day as a colleague. He was a prodigy of learning, and soon was evidently making his way to be, as he is now acknowledged, one of the foremost scholars of the world in the Semitic languages. His knowledge of Hebrew led him into so close a study of the Old Testament that he soon had passed even those liberal boundaries of biblical criticism which the Catholic church allows. spite of warnings, some of which froze his blood, he says, with their intimations that he was in reality not a Christian, he went on till he came to a point at which he saw plainly for himself that he could not remain in the Catholic church. gave himself plenty of time, as a wise man should, to allow for reaction or new light. He saw other men remaining in the church who believed as little as he did, and who had much less real religion. The wrench would be a terrible one, more so, perhaps, than Protestants can realize. involved the break with friends, the sorrow of his mother, and of many truly good persons, and, in a Catholic country like France, unpopularity and perhaps permanent obscurity. But, as he says in his "Recollections," "An inward voice told me: Thou art no longer a Catholic; thy robe is a lie; cast it off."

At the age of twenty-three, therefore, Renan put aside all thought of compromise, all the brilliant prospects which were opening before him in the Church, and went out into the world to meet such fate as he should find there. "Catholicism," he says, "like a fairy circle, casts such a powerful

spell upon one's whole life, that when one is deprived of it everything seems aimless and gloomy. I felt terribly out of my element. The whole universe seemed to me like an arid and chilly desert. With Christianity untrue everything else seemed to be indifferent, frivolous, and undeserving of interest. The shattering of my creed left me with a sort of aching void, like what may be felt by one who has had an attack of fever or a blighted affection. I seemed to have fallen upon a nest of pigmies."

Of the church which he had left he always spoke with respect and sympathy. He was very far from those cheap renegades who have left the Catholic church, often to her great credit and relief, and who let themselves out to narrow-minded and panic-stricken bodies of Protestants to slander their former associates. He had no personal reason for speaking well of the priesthood, for he suffered much from them, but his testimony to their substantial earnestness and morality is firm and constant. He was too broad-minded and too deepspirited not to see the good which the Catholic church has done in history and is doing to those who truly belong to it to-day. He was always grateful for the education it had given him. "The

true men of progress," he said, "are those who profess as their starting-point a profound respect for the past. All that we do, all that we are, is the outcome of ages of labor. For my own part, I never feel my liberal faith more firmly rooted in me than when I ponder over the miracles of the ancient creed." He even went so far as almost to regret that the critical faculty had been given "I wish that I could stifle within me the him. faculty of self-examination, for it is this which has caused all my unhappiness. Fortunate are the children who all their life long do but sleep and dream! I see around me men of pious and simple lives whom Christianity has had the power to make virtuous and happy. But I have noticed that none of them have the critical faculty; for which let them bless God!"

But he did have the critical faculty, and he accepted the trust. He was under marching orders, and forty-seven years ago last Thursday (Oct. 6, 1845), he went down the steps of St. Sulpice Seminary, "never again to remount them in priestly dress." Then began one of the most remarkable careers in this century. No more unworldly man ever lived than Renan, in the sense of not caring for money. Poverty was one of the rules of the

priestly life in which he had been brought up. To live and to know, he said, were all the pleasures he asked. One of the first scholars of his time, he became an under-teacher in a small school for his board and lodging. But the articles which he wrote for certain reviews drew the attention of one of the great publishers, who offered to collect them into one volume. Renan was so well pleased with the terms that he made a contract for life, out of which the publisher made a great deal in later years, and Renan received enough to keep him alive, which was all he wished from the world.

At last he was appointed professor in the College of France. It was the custom for the one who was called to this chair to begin with an inaugural address in which he is supposed to present his theology. It would have been easy and perhaps justifiable for Renan to evade the issue. Others had done it, and as his duties were simply to teach languages, his religious views were nobody's business. But Renan was an honest man, and he told delicately, but clearly, his view of Christ. Straightway there was an uproar in France. He was forced out of his chair by the government, though placed in another office of less prominence.

Soon appeared the book by which he is best

known, the "Life of Jesus." It had an enormous sale, and made Renan the most marked man of his day in the religious world. It was an effort to get back to the facts of the greatest life in history. Renan had spent years in Palestine, and had made a careful study of manners and customs there, which he claimed had changed little in eighteen centuries, and which were, so to speak, a "fifth gospel." A wonderfully vivid story he made out of the life of Jesus,—picturesque, romantic, often enthusiastic in its praise, but not only unconventional, but almost unrecognizable. It has been truly said that it was more a novel than a history. The supernatural was entirely stripped away. Jesus was made a young enthusiast, excited by long brooding over the Old Testament prophecies, till he fancied himself the Messiah, doing whatever had been prophesied, that he might be recognized as such by the populace, allowing his disciples to believe that he was possessed of miraculous powers, that their belief in time might be confirmed. Jesus was not only stripped of his deity, but was made, so to speak, somewhat too human, with affections quite too earthly, and illusions and weaknesses which have been associated rather with Mohammed than with Christ. In a word, Jesus was deprived not only

of worship as a God, but almost of respect as a man.

No writer since Voltaire has so shocked the Christian world, both Catholic and Protestant, as Renan in this book. His name became a synonym for infidel, and it was said that mothers used it as a bogy to frighten naughty children. While this book can never be a standard, and is condemned in its broad outlines by progressive scholarship as well as by popular piety, yet time has shown that much of it is truer than then seemed possible; for the science of biblical criticism has made great strides in thirty years. Renan's accurate scholarship and wide reading did good service to the cause of truth. But earnest men felt, and still feel, that he was not quite capable of appreciating the finer elements in the life of Jesus. His keen criticism had cut away much that was false in the popular ideal, but it was powerless to understand that which the popular heart had felt, - the moral and spiritual purity and elevation of that mighty life. However charmed one may be with the brilliancy of the book, however one may be made to consent to its points, one by one as they are brought forward, yet when the book is finished and thought over,

one asks, "And is this the life that so stirred the world, and is still, as Renan says, 'an inexhaustible source of moral regeneration'? The cause is too small for the effect." As the reader lays the book aside, he sees the majestic form of the Master towering steadily up through the mists of the ages, a mighty fact that silently answers the book of the brilliant but near-sighted Frenchman.

Nevertheless, Renan went calmly on to reconstruct the whole of early Christian history on the same plan; then he turned back to the history of the people of Israel, and had just finished the last volume of his work when death called him away. All these books were masterpieces of scholarly research and charming style. Their effect upon the world has probably been very great. France, as every one knows, is very thoroughly alienated from Roman Catholicism, so far as thoughtful men are concerned. Its hold is chiefly over the women and the unthinking peasantry. In this change, Renan has been a great power. Over reading and thinking Protestants, too, he must have had considerable influence. It is easier to reach men's minds than their souls, and a brilliant, scholarly book like this of Renan's must impress those whose intellects are more active than their moral

sensibilities. It has pleased many to see the keen, strong, searching breeze of his scholarship blow away the haze and show that the mountains which looked so soft and spiritual in the distance are really only common earthly rock and soil. This has been Renan's mission, to show the bare facts, to strip off illusions. He wishes us to know that the sky is no sky, but empty space, and not blue, but colorless. He means that we shall understand that our fathers and mothers were not as good persons as they seem to us, and that the children whom we are fondling are really not so remarkable after all.

Grant that all this is true, what then? Is there nothing but absurdity in this idealization of those who are dear to us, this poetry about the arch of the sky and the soft blue of the far-off mountains, this loving exaggeration of what was good in the past? Is it a thing merely to laugh at, this indignation of the mother when Gradgrind tells her that her baby is only one among so many thousand born every year in this country, and no better than the rest of them? In other words, is there not often truth in our illusions which is lost in what is called the bare fact? The mountains are not soft and purple; the sky is not a blue dome.

They only appear to be so. But the appearance is as much a fact as the reality, and to the soul which is refreshed by them, the appearance is a much more suggestive and comforting fact than the reality. Our fathers and mothers were not the spotless people they seem to be across the river of death, and our children are not the remarkable beings we fancy them to be. But what they seem to be is as much a fact to the soul as what they are is to the analytical mind. And even if it could be proved that Jesus was not the noble being he seems to us to have been, yet the ideal which has clung about him is a fact, and a more helpful fact than the stripped reality can be. No one can deny that the worship of Jesus has been a benefit to humanity, whether it is based upon reality or not. To believe that the mercy and love which were in him were God himself made visible, has been immensely comforting to tender souls.

Now, it may become necessary sometimes, not only in the interests of abstract truth, but of practical morality and religion, to tear away the illusions which have gathered in religious history. When the time for this comes, when the old stories have lost their poetry, God usually raises up the

keen sceptic, like Renan, who forthwith begins to weigh and measure everything and to show us where our faith was based upon a mistake. Such men have to be brave, honest, and faithful. They do mankind service and deserve well of it.

But after all it is a lower type of mind which strips the poetry off from facts than that which weaves new poetry around them. It would be harsh to class the sceptic with the scavenger; but he is like the men who tear down old buildings, but never could put them up. He who restores to us our ideals in more rational shape is greater than he who took the old shape away. For what we all need is not hard facts alone, but ideals, poetry, something that shall take us above the hard facts and show not what the world is, but what it ought to be. If we had no ideals, we should be crushed by the dead weight of things as they seem in their daily dress. We go to the theatre to see life as it ought to be and might be, as a relief from life as it seems. We read novels. romances, and poems to let the soul take breath.

So the work of Tennyson is a higher work than that of Renan. Tennyson takes, for instance, the old tales of King Arthur, waves the wand of his genius over them, and they become trans-

figured. Now Arthur and his knights, for all we know, were, like the rest of the old barons, not the loftiest kind of men by far. Yet what do we care for that? Should we thank the man who should grub among old records and ruins to reconstruct the real barons? It would be a distinct loss to the soul to have these idealized knights pared down to their original elements. The world is better for the "Idyls of the King," and would be the poorer without them. small consequence to any of us that a band of rough, roaming, coarsely-clad and poorly-armed knights once lived in Wales. It is much that Arthur, Lancelot, and Bedivere, as well as Enid and Elaine, live in Tennyson's pages, and help us to be like them.

Tennyson was a profoundly religious man. He was not ignorant of the new thought of the day, and the struggles of religion with the discoveries of science. Such poems as "The Two Voices" and the "Vision of Sin" go deep into the life of the soul; and he has left us in his "In Memoriam" not only the noblest eulogy of a friend that ever was written, but the most beautiful meditation upon death and the life to come, as seen in the light of the sciences and philosophy of

the time. Long after Renan's brilliant criticisms shall be forgotten, the "In Memoriam" shall be cherished. The world tolerates and coldly thanks those who take away and bury its dead errors, but it loves those who bring fresh life to the soul.

But we must not let Renan go without one quotation from him which does his wisdom credit. It is well known that Tennyson at the close of his life grew sceptical of the progress of the race. His "Locksley Hall" was brave and boastful. He believed then in the "one, far-off, divine event, to which the whole creation moves." But his "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After" is full of the distrust which old men are apt to have of the new generations who are pressing past them. His last word was discouraging.

Now Renan dreaded more than anything else the decays of age. He had had a happy life. He said that he would not change anything in it if he were allowed to live it all over again. But he did fear lest his mind might be so enfeebled by a lingering age that he might become less brave and true, and take back what he had said in his clearer years. He entered his protest against this possibility in one of the finest passages of modern literature. "All that I have now to ask of the good

genius which has so often guided, advised, and consoled me is a calm and sudden death at my appointed hour, be it near or distant; and I should be very grieved to have to go through one of those periods of enfeeblement during which the man once endowed with strength and virtue is but the shadow and ruin of his former self; and often, to the delight of the ignorant, sets himself to demolish the life which he had so laboriously constructed. Such an old age is the worst gift which the gods can give to man. If such a fate be in store for me, I hasten to protest beforehand against the weaknesses which a softened brain might lead me to say or sign. It is the Renan, sane in body and in mind, as I am now - not the Renan half destroyed by death and no longer himself, as I shall be if my decomposition is gradual -whom I wish to be believed and listened to."

His fears were groundless. He died with his mind unclouded and with his work still at its best. So almost together the critic and the poet passed from life to life.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

"Whosoever shall do and teach [the commandments], the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." — MATTHEW v. 19.

MR. LONGFELLOW was born in Portland, June 13, 1819. In the opening chapter of his three-volume memoir of his poet-brother, one may read a charming account of the life they lived as children in a beautiful home, in a beautiful city. The father was an eminent citizen, the mother a descendant of John Alden and Priscilla Mullens, of Mayflower fame. The best New England traditions guided the household; the earlier type of Unitarianism created an atmosphere of cheerful decorum. Of eight children, one brother and two sisters of Samuel survive, — Mr. Alexander Longfellow and Mrs. Pierce, of Portland, and Mrs. Greenleaf, of Cambridge.

Young Samuel Longfellow graduated from Harvard College with the class of 1839, from the Divinity School in 1846, and was ordained to the

ministry in 1848. With intervals of travel, study, literary work, and impaired health, he has held the pastorate of three Unitarian societies, — at Fall River, 1848-53; at Brooklyn, N. Y. (Second Society), 1853-60; at Germantown, Pa., 1878-82. He resigned the latter to return to Cambridge for the rest of his days; and there, residing in the "Longfellow mansion," he wrote the biography.

The life of Samuel Longfellow both covers and illustrates the stirring period of Unitarian transition. In the Divinity School he was the classmate of the late Samuel Johnson, of Salem, author of "Oriental Religions," who died in 1882. Between these two men there existed for forty years an intimacy which could hardly have been understood by David and Jonathan. In a spirited sketch of his friend, Mr. Longfellow describes the Divinity School of their time as very chilling to young enthusiasms, and one "honest but dryminded professor" seems to have found it quite painful to witness in the class-room some marked tendencies to innovation. To these ardent and aspiring students, the Unitarianism of that day seemed afraid of deep water, and more concerned for safety than for truth; and any breath of new life was regarded as the prelude to a destructive tornado. Especially were the timid brethren disturbed by the doctrine of an All-filling Presence, which might lead to fatalism, antinomianism, and pantheism. But portents of change were on every side. The transcendental yeast was working: its germs were in the sermons of Channing. Emerson had spoken; Dr. Walker was proclaiming in "Lowell Lectures" the adequacy of man's spiritual faculties to apprehend and verify spiritual truth; Parker was thundering and lightening all around the sky, and every form of slavery was on the defensive. Besides, German philosophy and German biblical criticism were uncovering problems and evoking spirits that would not be laid. A growing knowledge of non-Christian religions was compelling a new conception of God's method of educating the human race. Science was making the old ideas of the supernatural look like "confused creations of the night."

A number of brave young preachers met hostile looks from the pews, or found the pulpits closed to them, either because they espoused unpopular reforms, or because they spoke in a new dialect about religion, or frankly avowed their rejection of both the old wine and the old bottles.

It was amid such trying and troublous conditions that young Longfellow became a Unitarian minister. He was in close sympathy with Parker's attitude and objects, yet he could never adopt his aggressive methods, nor wholly approve his way of saying things; partly because (as Longfellow wrote long after) "he had little reverence for the reverences of others toward things he did not think worthy of reverence." Not less radical than his friend, Longfellow yet commiserated the slow movement of the common mind, and sweetened his own zeal for truth and liberty with a passionate love for God and man. He had no joy in tearing down, yet he saw that no true temple could be built unless great heaps of rubbish were removed; saw also that there was much daubing with untempered mortar, and that there must be a place in the wall for some stones which the builders rejected.

How clearly he saw that a great deal of what passes for Christianity is no improvement upon heathenism; and that heathenism, all the heathenisms, might hold sacred germs of vital truth! Does not all our thinking need revision? Is there ever a time when many things are not passing to obsolescence? And here was a man

who knew it, and tried to keep up with the advancing light.

He was no play-actor; he meant what he said, and said what he meant, without fear or mental reservation. As for "popular noises," he seemed not to heed or hear them, so attentive was he to the still, small Voice, which out-thundered them all. Nor did he come into the field of controversy, or appear as the assailant of error and evil, with weapons drawn from the armory of the old He was a champion of truth in the spirit of truth, and of goodness in the spirit of goodness; never hostile or antagonistic in temper. He acted on the principle that the best way to get rid of darkness is by bringing in the light. If any custom, opinion, or phrase ceased to serve or satisfy him, he simply dropped it and forgot it, or went along without it, leaving the dead to bury their dead.

He was a deep believer in the human heart, and in the ever-nearness and busy constancy of the Life-giving Power; as sure as of his own existence, that inspiration and revelation belong to the orderly exercise of our deeper faculties, and will come to all that seek.

But do we realize how rare, how new to the mass of people in the churches, is the religion

of simple trust in the laws that are natural and universal? The modern Time-spirit, which is yet the

"Life of Ages, richly poured, Love of God, unspent and free,"

has produced during this century an intellectual, ethical, and devotional renaissance, which, though yet in its infancy, has compelled, or is compelling, a recasting of all faiths and forms. the new way of thinking differ from the old? Chiefly in putting vitality in the place of tradition, as the "good news" of the Prophet of Nazareth differed from the formal, legal, and ceremonial religion of the priesthood and the rabbins. It differs in its ideas of God and man, their relation to each other, and their relation to nature. The old way said, "God is outside the world. He looks on as a spectator and works like a mechanic." The new way says, "God is inside of all things, and works as an immanent living spirit." The old way said, "God is revealed to man in a book, written long ago, and sent by special messengers, whose credentials are miracles." The new way says, "Revelation is continuous and progressive. as universal as gravity. Man himself is a divine expression, and Bibles are always growing. Rea-

son, when we are really reasonable, is both test and method of inspiration." The old way says, "Nature is secular, profane, accursed. We must be weaned from it for our moral safety." The new says, "Nature is sacred, and full of God; every verified fact or law is His holy word. Science is one of His provisions for our education; all truth, however learned, is a ministry of reconciliation." The old way said, "Religion is to be sought in historic forms of doctrine or in ancient institutions; we must keep to the beaten path." The new way says, "Religion is the law and power of inward life; it can accept as absolute no authority outside the soul. Religion has produced the Scriptures, churches, and rituals; it must use and judge them in perfect freedom." The old way said, "There is not much of us, and not much for us, till we die and go to heaven." The new way says, "Now are we the children of God, and if children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ. We must learn to do God's will on earth, and make it a part of heaven. One law sweeps through all worlds. We make heaven by living on heavenly principles, hell by disregarding them, and the day of judgment is all the time."

Samuel Longfellow was a prophet of the new time, mightily believing that the best things are possible, if we will but live for the best. The past with all its treasures of good is ours; but it is our servant, not our master. We do highest honor to all great souls, "not by following them, but by following what they followed."

This gives the key to his views of Jesus and of Christianity, and opens to us an instructive chapter of recent history. Fifty years ago the Unitarians of New England had quite ceased to offer prayers or praises to Jesus as God, yet they hesitated to call him a man, while orthodoxy pronounced him mystically both. Then the Unitarians, not yet able to say God was in Christ, precisely as in our degree He may be in us, fell into sad questionings about the spiritual rank and titles of Jesus, with timid bondage to the phraseology of the New Should we call him Lord? Testament. many that became a test. Some were strenuous for, others as strenuous against, and all much to the detriment of the inner life. But many of the conservatives clung to the lordship from reverence, while the radicals rejected it in the interest of sincerity. The conservatives had advanced far enough to say, "The Son is subject to the Father,

and God is all in all;" but the radicals added, "Since God is all in all, why should we talk as if our faith were Christocentric when it is really Theocentric?" Later, the mass of Unitarians have moved toward a position where Christ is accepted and honored as a much-needed and inspiring illustration of the nearness of God to man, or of the sonship of all humanity.

But every scholar knew that the word "Lord," though applied in the translation of the Old Testament to Jehovah, was also used in both Testaments as a human title of respect, so that the discussion really raged about an ambiguity. not the Orientals still say, "Lord Abraham," "Lord Moses," "Lord Mohammed"? "We call Jesus Lord," said one party, "because he is Lord; in a high and very real sense he is our Master and leader, above us and in advance of us by the superior quality of his life and word." "But if we say 'Lord,'" said the other party, "everybody will suppose that we mean God, for such is the generally accepted use of language in Christendom." And Mr. Longfellow belonged to a group who entirely disused the phrase, "our Lord Jesus Christ," not from disrespect, but from honest conviction that it was misleading, and tended to insincerity and cant. He had a passionate desire to make all the language of worship true to reality and to the inmost thought.

Unitarian pulpits were free in name; but how could parish committees invite preachers who disturbed the peace of Zion? All zeal for reform in religion seemed like burning strange fire on the altar of God. Johnson could not wear one lightest link of any ecclesiastical or credal chain. no ordination, he set up at Lynn a church and pulpit of his own, wherein he was a burning and a shining light. Longfellow, equally radical in spirit and purpose, was yet less iconoclastic in temper and method, equally uncompromising, but more conciliatory. Indifferent to names, he yet loved and accepted all fellowships and welcomed all opportunities; and he trusted that the expansive forces of the spirit would enlarge or break the moulds of form. So he accepted ordination and passed for a Unitarian preacher, without suppressing a syllable of his convictions, - an experience which should not be thought singular nor Indeed, Longfellow's radicalism was surprising. far less distrusted because of the winsomeness of his spirit. It was easy for him to speak the truth in love.

In the dissensions which attended and followed the organization of the National Conference in 1865, Mr. Longfellow became identified with the Free Religious Association, which appeared on the scene in 1866. He was himself a star in the constellation of shining names. — Frothingham, Weiss. Wasson, Abbot, Potter, Higginson, Chadwick, Mrs. Cheney, and others. By this time he had more clearly and fully formulated his own conclusions. In religious philosophy he leaned, with Parker, toward intuitionalism, holding the three ideas of God, duty, and immortality as normal products of man's nature, and therefore essential and universal principles of religion. He meditated these themes until they possessed him, saturating intellect, imagination, affections, will, so that they glowed like living coals in his heart and on his lips. Worship, ethics, heirship to God, — in his thought and life these three are one.

In his views of Christianity it is easy to trace a certain development. During their last six months in the Divinity School (1846) the two friends had compiled a "Book of Hymns," which aimed to attune the spirit of worship to pure thought, cleared of irrational tradition. The Church of the Unity in Worcester, Rev. E. E.

Hale then being pastor, was the first to adopt it; and it was next taken up by the congregation of Theodore Parker, who playfully called it "The Book of Sams." To many it seemed to represent an advance in intellectual sincerity and in depth of spirituality. But the compilers were men of clearing vision; their horizon widened with the years, and, gazing upward, they saw the opening of new They belonged to a school whose firmaments. passionate desire was to find for religion a real and stable foundation in the nature of man, rather than in the authority of prophet, priest, book, or church; and thus they were inevitably led to recognize in all historic religions, including Christianity, the imperfect manifestations of the infinite Life amid finite conditions.

But in the "Book of Hymns" they had retained many elements of myth and miracle, which clouded the light. In 1858 Johnson wrote to Longfellow: "I shudder to say that there are almost half a hundred hymns in that book which my tongue refuses to utter. The hymns about Jesus, especially, look weaker and thinner every year."

In 1860 the twain went abroad together for an absence of sixteen months; but they went on no such errand as speeds the common tourist. Their

interest in nature and art, in history and humanity, was like that of the devote in missal and rosary, altar and sacrament. They looked with reverent eyes on the Jungfrau, and thought of "the great white throne;" they saw the morning star hanging over the "awful front" of Mont Blanc. spent an October on the heights of Glion, looking down on the Lake of Geneva and across to the Savoyard Alps. They made a pilgrimage to Dante's birthplace and Parker's grave at Florence. The lofty pines of the Apennines seemed to them as "trees of God;" and at Nice, where they spent a month of rain, they sat down to select and arrange the material for the new book, "Hymns of the Spirit," which was published in 1864. There, in a damp chamber, were written, as Longfellow tells us, three of the nine hymns by Johnson which the book contains, - "City of God, how bright and fair," "The Will Divine that woke a waiting time," and "Life of Ages, richly poured," which last, he thinks, should supersede Toplady's "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." But he does not tell us when or where he wrote any of his own nineteen,—the richest contribution, perhaps, made by any recent author to the repository of sacred song. It is fair to say that, in weeding out the

earlier supernaturalism, the compilers of "Hymns of the Spirit" did not fail to include many lofty, loving, and reverent recognitions of Jesus and of Christianity. The devout conferences and prophet-like withdrawal of these two men, as into the secret place of the Most High, that they might catch and transcribe such songs as angels may sing, will be a cause for "glory in the church throughout all ages," wherever congregations aspire to worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

It was said of Longfellow that his mission was "to put religious sentiment into free thought," - a task in which many have failed. At the opening of his ministry in Germantown (1878) he told the people that he had come to be simply a minister of religion, - not of Unitarianism nor of Christianity, but of religion alone. He could bear the name of no sect. But he felt himself in accord with the most developed form of Unitarianism. and with all that he found true and serviceable to man in Christianity. The religion he must preach was natural to man, and was made up of piety and righteousness, in contradistinction from a religion which was ecclesiastical or miraculous. But how could a society calling itself Unitarian. and founded for "the worship of the Father in the

simplicity of Christ," consistently receive a pastor who thus disclaimed both the denominational and the Christian name? For the good and sufficient reason that the people calling themselves Unitarian and Christian meant by both terms pretty nearly what their minister meant by "religion;" and, by not stickling for the words, they got a better quality of the thing than is often found under both the labels. Nor did Mr. Longfellow ever spurn the cradle in which he was rocked, nor repel the sympathies of others or wound their associations by irreverence toward their reverence. Free as he was to pick and cull from all the literatures of the world, he yet felt the vast superiority of the Christian Scriptures to other sacred writings; and we may gather an idea of his relative estimate of the different historic religions from this circumstance: In adapting to hymn-use some stanzas of Whittier's poem on "Democracy," he recast the whole as an apostrophe to "Christianity," supplying an opening stanza of his own, with this initial line, -

"O fairest born of Love and Light!"

As a preacher, he did not excel in popular power. As a rule, his speech was neither eloquent nor magnetic, nor were his discourses rich in illustration. Yet they were impressively serious. He held attention by the spell of his fine personality, and because he always aimed at the centre. Right-eousness was as great a word to him as to any Hebrew prophet. And his sermon material was always of the best, — not merely literary or critical, but mind-illuminating, motive-quickening, life-helping. "Each individual will is a centre of power." "We are carried upward by every attempt to follow ideal excellence." "Prayer is the opening of the soul upward." "In church or out, we must hold fast to everything natural." "The experiences of saints are facts, and science must respect them as such."

Perhaps his abundant sense of humor was partly submerged by more earnest elements of character; yet it sometimes served to feather the arrow which he discharged at an absurdity or a sham. After the death of Lucretia Mott, the famous Quaker preacher and philanthropist, whose home was near to Germantown, some neighboring preacher had declined to join in the chorus of praise to her beautiful character and services, because it was reported that she plied her knitting-work on the Lord's day. In his own pulpit, Mr. Longfellow represented the spirit of the saintly woman as

entering the heavenly world, met and welcomed by many of those who had shared her kindness. The poor came and said, "Lord, she fed and clothed us." The prisoner and the sick said, "Lord, she visited and comforted us." The slave said, "Lord, she helped to break my chains." But another voice is heard,—the voice of a watchman on the walls of the earthly Zion,—"But, Lord, she knit stockings on Sunday!"

He was very fond of little children, especially of boys, and frequently enlivened his solitary bachelor quarters by inviting some urchin to share his lunch. Once, at a house where he was a guest, he spent a long time on the veranda with a little fellow whose mother afterwards asked, "What did Mr. Longfellow say to you?"—"Oh, he didn't say much, he kept kissing my hair." A Portland gentleman says that his children were accustomed to speak of Mr. Longfellow as "the kind man."

Must not every man's personal influence represent his own qualities, and be just like himself? The influence — should we not say the effluence? — of Samuel Longfellow was felt as a radiation of purity and peace, — a gentle power which shamed away all that was sordid or base, and made it easier to believe in some vital relation between

man and God. Ten years after the close of his ministry in Germantown, and thirty years after that in Brooklyn, he will surely be spoken of by surviving parishioners as one of the few mortals who made it seem worth while to be immortal, and as a man who seemed to walk in the unseen companionship of the Spirit of Truth, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter. A lady who knew him forty years ago says that he never seemed to her exactly human, there was so little earthiness about him. During the more recent years, since failing health has seemed to keep him waiting for excarnation, one might readily have applied to him Miss Palfrey's description of the Abbot of St. Mark:

"His stainless earthly shell
Was worn so pure and thin
That through the callow angel showed,
Half-hatched, that stirred within.

"His white and thriving soul,
In heavenly pastures fed,
Still something of its innocence
On all around him shed."

The people of an Italian town shrank from the stern face of Dante, saying, "Hush! there's the man who has been in hell!" But those who half saw the dawning halo around the brow of Samuel

Longfellow might well have said, "There is the man who has been in heaven!" Had he belonged to the Roman Catholic church, nothing but the lack of attesting miracles could keep his name from the list of saints. He was a true Catholic, without Roman or other limitations.

You will gladly look upon this portrait of Mr. Longfellow, drawn with a loving hand sixteen years ago by O. B. Frothingham, with whom he was associated in the Free Religious movement: "An intellect free as the light, having no fear in any direction; able to read any book, able to appreciate any thoughts, able to draw alongside any opinion; hating nobody, not even with theological hatred. . . . But with astonishing clearness of intellectual power, he was the most devout, most simple-hearted man in the world. . . . His power lay not in his personality, but in his impersonality. He was the most secluded of spirits, always kneeling at the shrine of the heart, silent, quiet, peaceful, patient; going about mingling freely with people, always having a cheerful word, never a morose one; always in an attitude of belief, always in an attitude of hope; brave as a lion, but never boasting, never saying what he meant to do or what he wished he could do, but keeping his own

counsel and going a straight path; ploughing a very straight furrow through a very crooked world. He was immovable as adamant, yet playful as a sunbeam."

It is an immeasurable privilege to have lived in a time that could produce such men as we have known. And is there not the right sort of stuff among us to make more? May we not all covet some share of the same sweetness and light and heroism? Where that came from, surely there is enough and to spare. Oh, not the outpoured Spirit is scanty; it is we who are non-receptive! The vision of reality is not withheld; but our sense is shut; we "move about in worlds not realized."

Away with our cowardly conformities, our stupid distrust, our content with inferior attainments! Shall we not be admonished and inspired by every brave example? Even amid all our failures, dare we propose to ourselves anything less than to make all things according to the pattern shown us in the mount? Adapting to ourselves the lines which Henry W. Longfellow may have written with his beautiful brother in mind, still let us

"Toil, with deep research, To build the Universal Church, Lofty as is the love of God, And ample as the wants of man."

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